Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurse, will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. VVe shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
to Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaimd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurse.

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
VVhich wel thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. VVhat are you busie ho? need you my help?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt. *Iu.* Farewell,

Iu. Farewell, God k
I haue a faint cold feare
That almost freezes vp
Ile call them backe agai
Nurse, what should she
My dismall Sceane I ne
Come Viall, what if thi
Shall I be married then
No, no, this shall forbi
VVhat if it be a poyso
Subtilly hath minist red
Least in this marriage h
Because he married me
I feare it is, and yet me
For he hath still beene
How if when I am laid
I wake before the time
Come to redeeme me, t
Shall I not then be stif
To whose foule mouth
And there die strangle
Or if I liue, is it not ver
The horrible conceit o
Together with the ter
As in a Vaulte, an anci
VVhere for these man
Of all my buried Aun
VVhere bloody *Tybal*
Lies festring in his shro
At some houres in the
Alacke, alacke, is it no
So early waking, what
And shrikes like mandr
That liuing mortalls h
O if I waike, shall I no
Inuironed with all thes

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.